The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1870—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NO. 77.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Progress of the Siege of Paris.

A Battle Supposed to be in Progress Near Paris.

Fort Vincennes, Being Regarded as Untenable, is Blown up.

More Hopeful Feeling Among the French.

London Times Despondent over the Poor Prospects for Peace.

The Prussian King and His Council Resolve to Annex Alsace and Lorraine.

All Diplomatic Interference Declined by the Prussians.

Bismark Demands an Explanation from Belgium.

The Commander of Strasbourg Announces the Necessity of an Early Capitulation.

FRANCE.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

London, Sept. 17—4 p. m.—The news from Paris is meagre and contradictory. The usual lines of communication have been interrupted. The Northern Railway, leading from Orleans to Paris, has been cut between Arbon and Juvisy, about eight miles south of Paris. At the latter place the Germans planted a battery. Heavy firing has been heard in that direction, and it is thought a battle is in progress. No details.

Heavy firing occurred at Ris, another small town on the Orleans Railway, where the line has been cut.

The railroad to Lion is now entirely in the hands of the Prussians. No railroad unless left Paris to-day, under orders from the Committee of Public Defence.

FORT BLOWN UP.

TOURS, Sept. 17.—The fort at Vincennes was blown up and destroyed yesterday by the French, 3 a.m. Explosion shocking.

UNION OF ALL PARTIES.

CREMIEUX, Minister of Justice, in lodged here at the residence of the Spanish Minister, and is in constant communication between them, which is considered as foreshadowing a union of all political parties for the national defence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advices received from the War Department show that great numbers of French are emigrating.

Bordeaux telegrams make that great activity exists there.

The Committee of Defence are enrolling a large force collected there and in surrounding departments.

Many of the police force of Paris have been active on a charge of being concerned in the Bonapartist plot. Several were arrested, but on their persons in both instances, and the fleet fell to its own resident resources, which are hardly sufficient to maintain the blockade of the country's ports. Such service is tedious and unsatisfactory. Our station is in dangerous waters, and we have no means of communication with the shore, no friendly lights to give warning in the night, no ports to serve as marts for a guide by day. We are compelled constantly to grapple with special surprise by the enemy, with small means for resistance in open ports. We are forbidden to communicate with the shore, and so are with the slightest prospects of success, as the heavy fog prevails from twenty-three to twenty-eight days of each month. We are receiving our full ration of the Paris papers, which contains a formidable armament with a constantly small draught, but little can be done with it. A single ship might attack and kill; but to what purpose? Paris commanding the entrance has amassed so high that it would be almost impossible to elevate guns sufficiently to effect anything, while the ships would be exposed to a concentrated fire from the forts

The Chicago Tribune.

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1870.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For Representative in Congress for the State at Large, Senator JOHN A. LOGAN.
For Governor, CHARLES B. WAITE.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction, NEWTON BATEMAN.
For Treasurer, ERASTUS WELLS.
Commissioner of the Penitentiary, ELMEN WARNHORN and CASPAR BUTZ.

POPULATION OF CHICAGO.

United States Marshal Campbell has given to the city press the census returns of Chicago and Cook County. The former foot up 297,718, the latter, outside of the city, 30,991, and both together 328,709 for the whole county. The total population in 1860 was 144,954, of which the city contained 109,260, and the county townships 35,694. The gain in the city during 1860 has been 188,458, and in the townships 15,297, and both together 203,755, or 38.370 per annum since 1860.

The gain in the county has been 141 per cent; in the county towns, 43 per cent; and in the city, 175 per cent. No fairly of these figures is adapted to supply their wants. With plenty of artesian wells, the whole town of Hyde Park can be made one of the most charming suburban villages in America. There is no comparison between the trifling cost of an artesian and the value its water would be to the people of that town. Once constructed and there is no further expense; no steam pumping, no repairs, but a free gift of a perennial, never-failing spring.

THE WHISKEY FRAUDS.

The suits instituted in the United States Court in Ohio, for the recovery of $7,000,000 taxes and penalties against distillers, will attract universal attention, from the circumstance that they are the first beginning of a general system of suits for the recovery of taxes unlawfully withheld in 1866, 1867, and 1868. The amount of whiskey upon which taxes were paid in 1869 was about 60,000,000 gallons. Assuming that the same amount was annually withheld in 1867, and 1868, the total amount was 180,000,000 gallons, the tax on which amounted to $360,000,000. For those three years, the actual receipts of tax amounted to $70,913,-351.30, leaving for the amount of $230,000,000 uncollected. It is not an extravagant estimate to assume that the distillers paid an average of 55 cents a gallon to the revenue officers for their connivance in the fraud. The $360,000,000 of tax was distributed about as follows: To the United States, $71,000,000; to the revenue officers, high and low, $63,000,000; to general expenses of counsel, judicial proceedings, pardons, and to Congressmen, $36,000,000; paid, $140,000,000. Retained by the distillers, $216,000,000. The amount paid by the distillers including taxes, blackmail, and corruption fund, was about equal to 90 cents on the gallon, amounting them on all spirits at $1.30 per gallon, the lawful tax on which was $2.

It would be a herculean task, at this day, to hunt to their lairs the persons who thus plundered the National Treasury, but, wherever it can be done, the public will rejoice to see the felons brought to justice. These cases in Ohio are the transactions of a single district, and that outside of Cincinnati. If one district in Ohio can be made to disgorge seven millions of dollars, what may not the aggregate of all the States, it is possible that a large portion of the money may be recovered. The public knowledge on the subject is like that in the smuggling districts in England; every officer of customs knows smugglers, and also those who have shared the profits, but the legal proof necessary to convict is not so easily obtained.

While the Revenue Department is thus conducting itself, it is bringing to an accountability the officers of the law who have defrauded the revenue under a previous administration, there should be no relaxation of the vigilance necessary to secure the prompt payment of the current revenue. In hunting after Andrew Johnson's thieves, it should not be forgotten that all men are mortal, and that even a tax of 64 cents a gallon allows a margin for honest liberal dividends. On 60,000,000 gallons amounts at the present rate, to $240,000, and a payment of one-half that sum, divided between the government and the revenue officers, would leave the distillers handsomely paid. It is a mistake to suppose that the reduction of the tax removed all inducement to avoid its payment. If the tax were reduced to 10 cents a gallon, even that sum would leave a margin of profit to tempt the government. In 1867 and 1868, when the tax on whiskey was $2 per gallon, and all the Federal officers were "honorable men," whiskey was sold publicly in Chicago at $1.30 per gallon. The tax on whiskey now is 64 cents a gallon, and is sold publicly on Change at 84 cents. How it could be sold in 1867 and 1868 for less than the tax and cost of making was not at all surprising, because every one knew that the tax was not paid. But how it can be done now is a conundrum which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue ought to be able to answer. Men do not make whiskey for the mere sport of it; they do not engage in the business for the purpose of losing money, and yet the distilleries are in full blast, selling whiskey in bond, minding commissions and transportation, for less than the cost of the corn and the labor. There is no end to disguising the fact shown by the market reports in all parts of the country, that there is more whiskey selling in the market than has paid the tax, and the department which has been enabled to explore the frauds of Andrew Johnson's day, ought to know the means by which like frauds can be committed now. While we commend the efficiency which is so admirably exposing the past, we suggest that there be no relaxation of the vigilance upon the present enforcement of the law and collection of the revenue.

A VETERAN.

Probably the oldest man who has ever been a candidate for Congress is Andrew Stewart, of Fayette County, Pa.—a gentleman known to our old men as "High Tariff Andy." He has just been nominated for Congress by the Republicans in the Twenty-first (Carroll) District," etc. Stewart, we declined—Carroll having declined. Great-grandfather Stewart was elected to Congress in 1820—fifty years ago—and re-elected several times thereafter, first by the old Republican, and afterwards by the Whig party. The rising tide of Jackson Democracy finally swept him out of public life. We believe he has been in Congress for a quarter of a century, and the chances are strongly against his ever being there again.

The Hon. Andrew Johnson, thief, thieves, it should not be forgotten that all men are mortal, and that even a tax of 64 cents a gallon allows a margin for honest liberal dividends. On 60,000,000 gallons amounts at the present rate, to $240,000, and a payment of one-half that sum, divided between the government and the revenue officers, would leave the distillers handsomely paid. It is a mistake to suppose that the reduction of the tax removed all inducement to avoid its payment. If the tax were reduced to 10 cents a gallon, even that sum would leave a margin of profit to tempt the government. In 1867 and 1868, when the tax on whiskey was $2 per gallon, and all the Federal officers were "honorable men," whiskey was sold publicly in Chicago at $1.30 per gallon. The tax on whiskey now is 64 cents a gallon, and is sold publicly on Change at 84 cents. How it could be sold in 1867 and 1868 for less than the tax and cost of making was not at all surprising, because every one knew that the tax was not paid. But how it can be done now is a conundrum which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue ought to be able to answer. Men do not make whiskey for the mere sport of it; they do not engage in the business for the purpose of losing money, and yet the distilleries are in full blast, selling whiskey in bond, minding commissions and transportation, for less than the cost of the corn and the labor. There is no end to disguising the fact shown by the market reports in all parts of the country, that there is more whiskey selling in the market than has paid the tax, and the department which has been enabled to explore the frauds of Andrew Johnson's day, ought to know the means by which like frauds can be committed now. While we commend the efficiency which is so admirably exposing the past, we suggest that there be no relaxation of the vigilance upon the present enforcement of the law and collection of the revenue.

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THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Hamlet.

Some Thoughts on His Last Words.

Silence and Rest.

As Applied to Everyday Life.

Amusement.

Review of the Week and the Outlook.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

The grey lowering heavens above and the ceaseless clatter, rattle and din of the streets below, as the wheels of business and pleasure roll along, have brought to my mind the dying words of Hamlet with so much force that I cannot refrain from writing you a few lines in a serious mood. When I heard them in Mr. Booth's personation the other evening, they struck me with peculiar power and meaning, and the sad, solemn message grew emphasis and illustration to the thought—

"The rest is silence."

In all Hamlet's melancholy life he uttered no such pregnant words as those. Not in their eloquence and beauty, but in their power, they bear love unless through it all, with which he upbraids Ophelia; not in that fearful love with which he scolds King, Queen, Polonius, and all; not in the triumphant moment when the story of Gonzago unites the guilty conscience of the King; not in the patiently endured with which he baffles Guildenstern; not in that magnificent encounter with his mother; not in his funeral war of words with the grave-digger, and last not in the skull of Yorick; not in his terrible raillery of Laertes at the grave of Ophelia; in no single scene or strain of his character do we hear four such words as those which close the book of his life for us—"The rest is silence."

"The rest is silence," pure deep, unbroken. Not the song of a bird in the willow overhead, not the rustle of the winds through the flowers and grass, not the voice of some loved one calling down through the darkness of the narrow chamber can disturb the slumber of the sleeper. Perfect rest, holiness perfect silence. No dreams come in this still sleep to charm or terrify. One night last night I was on board of a steamboat anchored in a little bay in the wild northern shore of Lake Superior, miles away from any human habitation, surrounded on every hand with towering cliffs of rock, which in the indistinct light assumed the most supernatural forms. The moon was just rising in the east, and its pale face looked down upon the dark, the terrible solitude around me, and its presence could not reveal those words of Hamlet to me. "The rest is silence." In such a rest, such a whole world and universe of rest, all the fitful fevers, pleasures, and in their place come the serenity of perfect repose, and a perfect rest you, too, would lie down in the darkness of the night, deep of the flow, the true sense of the wave, glad of repose, glad to escape from the world of strife. And this sleep of nature is the sleep of the stone, the sleep of the tree, the repose of the flower, the rest of the bird in its nest, claiming kindred with man and reaching down to the lowest plane of existence. Nature shall call you from this sleep, and make them beautiful, then still silent, in the glory of the morning, and the song of birds, and the grace of the vines; until the Master shall call you to the higher rest of the soul, and break the silence and the rest, giving back to us the old forms and features we knew here, that we may know them and each other There?

After Hamlet's stormy life, so thickly strewn with wrecks of all that man holds dear, how grateful must have been this rest—this silence after his struggles with the world and conflicts; silence after his wrestling with the powers of darkness in the unseen world; silence after his mother; silence after the clouded mind and dazed body of poor Ophelia; silence after his own sad, sad, laughing jests; silence and silence after life and its sad conflicts, the silence of the grave, the silence of the tomb, the silence of the bosom from which no traveller returns; silence after all these, no more of the sound of the trumpets, sound drums, nor sad dance, though solemn, of the funeral march. Judgment and claiming the victims every day in these streets, sound peace to Mammon, and, in the midst of the noise and din, "The rest is silence." And what is the extent of this little rest? What is the length of this silence? What is the distance from the cradle to the grave, this hasty breathing of a few years, from the cradle to another, but the span from the first pain to the last pain, from the first sob and sorrow and disappointment all along the road to the grave, the cheek lighted with the same flush, the eye filled with the same tear, a trembling hand, a nature subsistence to so some science in his life, and then to be placed on the bier, carried to the grave, and we close our eyes to the sad, sad scene, and the grave here, and standing over the grave of the dead, we say, "The rest is silence." What is the extent of this little rest? What is the length of this silence? What is the distance from the cradle to the grave, this hasty breathing of a few years, from the cradle to another, but the span from the first pain to the last pain, from the first sob and sorrow and disappointment all along the road to the grave, the cheek lighted with the same flush, the eye filled with the same tear, a trembling hand, a nature subsistence to so some science in his life, and then to be placed on the bier, carried to the grave, and we close our eyes to the sad, sad scene, and the grave here, and standing over the grave of the dead, we say, "The rest is silence."

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REAL ESTATE.

Rebuilding of the Drake-Farwell Block.

New Canal Project—North Side Improvements.

Real Estate in Other Cities—Transfers in Chicago.

The quiet which has smothered the real estate market for the past few weeks, shows no prospect of abatement. On every day recently, an excited air of the district seemed to increase, to reach a raving state possible. There are, of course, many reasons for the condition of affairs which has changed. The activity in commercial circles may be cited as one of the causes—perhaps the leading. When merchants are driven almost, to leave all the customers they can attend to, they are very apt to neglect real estate and other outside matters or investments. To this, we think they are wisely. The European war is now without its influence, though it may seem remote. It makes the price of good cotton, according to the tone of the news, and the probe of gold regulates to a large extent American values—for, as we write, financial and commercial. Yesterday's quotations for cotton point to under 9cpd for middling uplands, a decline of 3d feet. Gold is 111 1/8, and the closing figures of the modern French exchange with a thousand more—when we left the office—were 5f 17 1/2c

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY JOTHAM & COREY, 181 DEARBORN-st., Rm. 10, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on Ontario-st., between Dearborn and State; lot 24x100 feet; will be sold cheap. Also, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on Ontario-st., between Dearborn and State; lot 24x100 feet; will be sold cheap. Also, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on Ontario-st., between Dearborn and State; lot 24x100 feet; will be sold cheap. Also, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on Ontario-st., between Dearborn and State; lot 24x100 feet; will be sold cheap. Also, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on Ontario-st., between Dearborn and State; lot 24x100 feet; will be sold cheap.

FOR SALE—BY D. COLE & SON, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, No. 120 West Madison-st., Rm. 3, Up-stairs: Lot on Adams, near Loomis-st.; new, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences; lot 24x100 feet. Also, lot on Adams, near Loomis-st.; new, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences; lot 24x100 feet. Also, lot on Adams, near Loomis-st.; new, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences; lot 24x100 feet. Also, lot on Adams, near Loomis-st.; new, two-story and basement brick dwelling, with all modern conveniences; lot 24x100 feet.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE.—A Stockton four-story and basement brick house, with all modern conveniences; lot 24x100 feet; will be sold cheap for cash. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on the corner of Monroe and Sangamon-sts.; will be sold cheap for cash. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Ashland-ave., near Lake-st.; part pay in other property. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Van Buren-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Morgan-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Hubbard-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Harrison-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Jackson-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Van Buren-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Fulton-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Monroe-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Adams-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Madison-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Washington-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Randolph-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Lake-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Wabash-ave. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Michigan-ave. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Indiana-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Illinois-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Ohio-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Erie-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Superior-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on Chicago-ave. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Clark-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Wells-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Dearborn-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North State-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Michigan-ave. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Indiana-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Illinois-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Ohio-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Erie-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North Superior-st. for sale. Also, a two-story and basement brick house and lot on North

SILVER AND SILVER PLATED GOODS.

SILVER AND SILVER PLATE.

We shall open Monday, a very large consignment of SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED GOODS, comprising in part ICE PITCHERS, TEA SETS, BERRY and FRUIT DISHES, of all kinds; and, in order to close out our stock, previous to invoicing in July, we will sell the entire lot at greatly reduced prices. One Hundred TEA SETS, ranging in price from $20 to $1,000.

ROGER SMITH & CO.'S FINE TABLE WARE, plated expressly for us.

GILES, BRO. & CO.,

142 LAKE-ST.

THE TOUR OF EUROPE FOR SIX IN COMPANY.

From the Atlantic Monthly for July.

It is an odd sort of fortune to have lived in Paris during the siege. Paris is a city of fortune, and it is not to be supposed that it will long remain in the condition in which it has been for the last few months. It would be a pity if it should. Its present state is unnatural, and it is not to be supposed that the world will long consent to the suspension of its life. Paris is the property of mankind, and mankind will not long allow it to be withheld from its proper uses. Paris is the city of the world, and the world will not long be without it. A certain number of the inhabitants of Paris, it is true, have been in the habit of calling themselves Parisians, and of regarding the city as their own property; but they have been allowed to do so only because they have been the most conspicuous representatives of the world's interest in Paris. They have been the people who have made Paris the city of the world, and the world will not long allow them to be deprived of their property. Paris belongs to the world, and the world will not long be deprived of it. The Parisians have been in possession, but they have been in possession only as the representatives of the world's interest. The world will not long allow them to be dispossessed by the Germans, or by any other power. The world will not long allow Paris to be in the hands of any power which is not the world's representative. The world will not long allow Paris to be in the hands of any power which is not itself